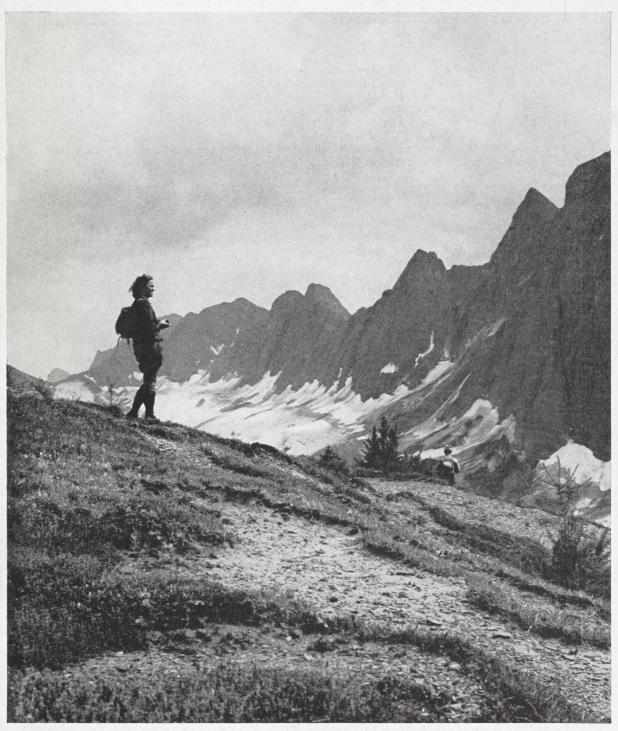
The Sky Line Trail



VOL. VIII No. 32 OCTOBER 1941



C. P. R. Photo

On the Ledge Overlooking Floe Lake and the Vermilion Range, Kootenay Park.

Printed in Canada.

'Ordeal By Water' Prompts Demand For Rain-Check

or, Brings Plea For a Revisit

By Paul Standard

"Back to Prolific Meadow!" is the slogan of the 1941 Trail Hikers. They realize the return cannot readily be made in 1942, but they will urge it as a future objective. A day and a half of rain cheated us of closer acquaintance with this region in Kootenay Park. There were compensations, as will presently appear; but 63 hikers (incidentally the largest in S.L.T.H.

annals) — 63 hikers can't be wrong! It must be worth re-

visiting.

It began like every previous Friday-to-Monday hike, with members starting by motor Aug. 1 from Banff Springs Hotel and the Mount Royal Hotel. The cars turned off into the Banff-Windermere Highway a little west of Johnston's Canyon, stopping a moment at Castle Mountain Bungalow Camp to greet Harry Pollard. This photographerrider-hiker, now turned innkeeper, was to be our host at the annual Pow-Wow at the end of our trek. Having traversed most of the Canadian Rockies afoot besides cruising round the world eight separate times, Harry now enjoys his seigniorial

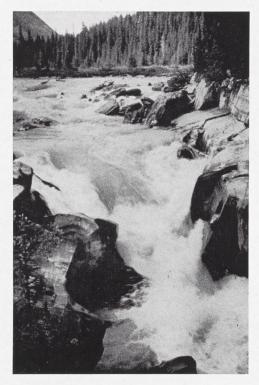
status by surveying a mountain world from his 6,000-foot elevation. We then sped on by Vermilion Pass into British Columbia and so past Marble Canyon to the junction of Numa Creek and Vermilion River, whence our duffle was carried on ahead by pack ponies to Prolific

Meadow camp.

At the jumping-off place we discovered that Mr. and Mrs. David Baron of St. Louis, with their three sons, had been delayed in their arrival at Banff; but they overtook us by the time we stopped for lunch along Numa Creek. They had dressed for the hike on the train, caught a taxi at Banff station, and so hit our trail. When hikers come from Missouri they don't wait to be shown; they do a little of the showing.

The route followed Numa Creek except for occasional stretches of soft trail through dense cool forest, emerging along the stream's busy banks under a bright sun. Almost all the pioneer

Trail Hikers were there — the veteran Norman Sanson, the Order's first president, who now in his eighties can with his ranging stride still outwalk his fellows; the painter Carl Rungius spying out plant species for his famous wildflower garden in Banff; the knowledgeable naturalist Dan McCowan, ready to settle a hiker's doubt about a particular flower; Major W. J. Selby Walker, a founder of the Order, still young and eager and reserved, still offering hefty mints to the famished; perennial secretary-treasurer J. M. Gibbon, savoring every stride, as it were, trying to stretch his joys of the while his companions felt sure he'd be back again



Canyon — Vermilion River.

Photo by Dan McCowan.

for many another summer's hike; and of course President Marshall H. Diverty, the cheerful marshal whose major care was the safety of the large party on the trail.

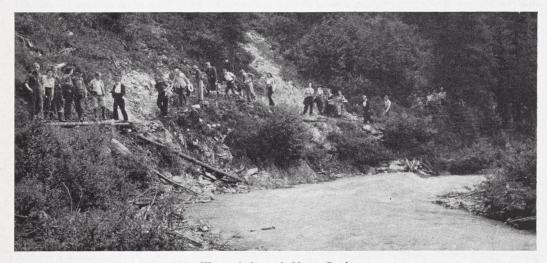
Within a scant mile of Prolific Meadow, a turn led quickly out of the forest and offered the first view of the waterfall whose roar had been audible some distance back. It fell in three fat cascades, and its voice seemed welcoming and friendly. The trekkers kept on through the thick brush, traversed this eighth mile through a bordering grove and so beheld their camp, with smoke already rising from the cook-tent.



Log Bridge Over Numa Creek — The Pioneers.



Not so shaky after all.



The trail alongside Numa Creek.

C. P. R. photos.



A rest by the Trail Side.

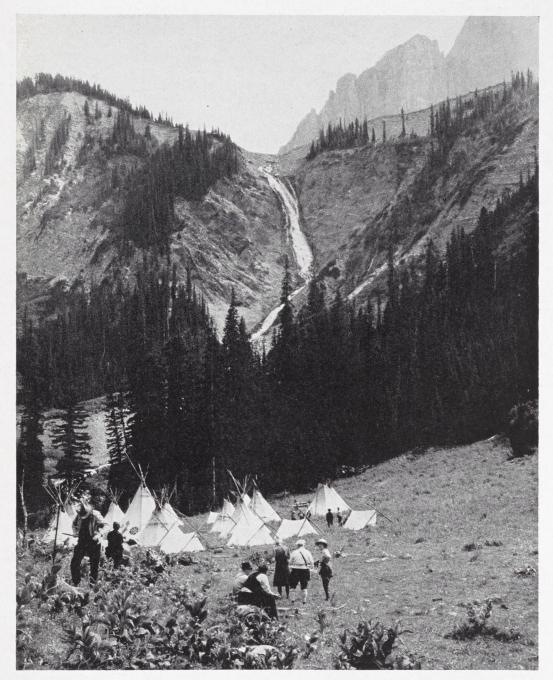
Prolific Meadow made a lasting impression on its tenants during their three-day stay. addition to the waterfall at the north end, we had another of equal height (though slimmer) at the south end. Down a bank to the west rushed Numa Creek. Our tepees stood in a central clearing, hemmed in by peaks well above 10,000 feet, most of them still unnamed except for Mt. Drysdale at Wolverine Pass, Mt. Gray and Foster Peak along the one wall, with the peaks of the Vermilion Range on the other. Beyond the narrow clearing, a thick growth of alder brush covered the steep ascending slope halfway up Foster Peak. So good was the forage round about that our pack horses never left the meadow in their night feedings. At the meadow's end the campers cut ample armfuls of balsam boughs on which to place their sleeping-bags. Your correspondent, through predestination or original sin, failed to achieve any notable degree of smoothness with the said boughs. They were laid out shingle-wise, thick ends nethermost as per instructions—a seemingly creditable job, but alas! only in theory. They were doubtless smooth and springy during daylight hours; only late at night did they prove at all refractory. On the first night one rebellious twig kept prodding my ribs right through the sleeping-bag, but I soon got so used to it that I'd have felt lonely without its friendly nudging. Indeed, had the pressure stopped, I think I'd have waked up with a start. No, dear reader, the boughs were not rearranged for the succeeding nights: your correspondent knows when to let

well enough alone. Besides, wasn't this whole hike to prove one's title to pioneer blood?

The hungry campers were awake long before Bert Hall's prodigal breakfast was ready. With a sense of great things ahead they must have surprised even the gracious Mrs. Claude Brewster as they made the food melt away. But the prospect of sixteen miles to and from Floe Lake on a package-lunch made the hikers forehanded or four-handed, to quote a detached observer.

Led by Dan McCowan, our band started by crossing Numa Creek at the south end of the meadow, striking the steep ascent of Foster Peak. The lush vegetation made slippery going, but we kept right on up, with frequent pauses for breath, despite a difficult grade. While crossing a deadfall your correspondent saw something shining and picked it up - a goldheaded needle. None claimed it, the finder carried it along as a souvenir: for what's a needle in a haystack to a needle in the Canadian Rockies?* On the slope we saw the wildflowers for which Dan had prepared us. We all remember Hellebore, a large green-flowered plant that in leaf looks like tobacco, which is harmless to elk but usually fatal to horses. Another giant plant was Cow Parsnip, offensive in odor but attractive

The occasion was destined to lose its uniqueness, for on the way back another needle (this time with a steel head) was found some two miles from the first. Can this have been a double reminder of Matthew xix. 24, that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven? Our party had no millionaires or camels; perhaps we were nearer that kingdom on earth than we realized.



Skyline Camp on Prolific Meadow.

C.P.R. Photo.

to insects. There were also Asphodel, Fireweed, Arnica, Saxifrage and Forget-me-not.

When we reached the base of the steep moraine, the trail stopped short. We seemed to have strayed from the orthodox trail. The hikers then retraced their steps and picked up a smoothly switchbacked route below. But a few of the

hardier (or lazier) members, reluctant to yield up their hard-won gain in elevation, kept stubbornly along and up the almost vertical moraine below the First Glacier of Foster Peak. Soon they had surmounted it, winning access to a pair of lovely hanging valleys. They sat down on the green valley floor to rest, proud of their

tenacity, when they noticed the file of fellow-hikers coming up the easier trail route. But the minority of diehards didn't mind acknowledging that their way had been harder. Then came a barren plateau, unpromising until we got to the top: and there, at the base of an intervening alpland slope, lay the blue basin of Floe Lake. A later party, following on our heels, were content to stay here, dropping down only as far as the ledge above Floe Lake.

We lunched near the summit, making careful

note of our surroundings. Floe Lake was a deep blue, with a great glacier 200 feet high on its farther shore. Glaciers far more massive and extensive rested on every neighboring peak. To the west stretched the long chain of Vermilion peaks. A band of a dozen mountain goat grazed on invisible herbage three-fourths of the way of Foster Peak. They eyed our eager band with mild unconcern whenever they designed to raise their heads from their feeding.

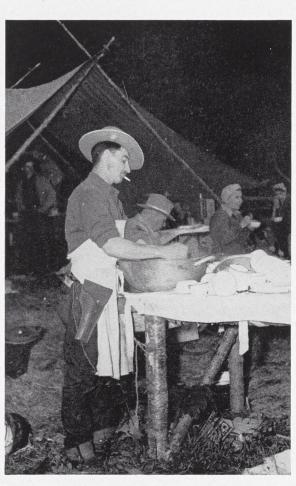
After lunch we almost schussed down the slippery alpland to the Floe Lake shore. In a hollow just before the lake we saw a bed of sedge, its white blossoms giving it a look of snowy isolation. To the left, under the edge of a mot-

tled gray boulder we saw a family of ptarmigan, the hen clucking softly, the chicks posing unafraid before our cameras. Topping a final rise we struck the lake slope proper, half a mile wide and a mile and a half long, solidly massed with veritable waves of wildflowers pink and yellow and heather-blue by turns, extending down to the rocky beach itself. Approaching a fallen log we surprised another hen ptarmigan and five chicks. Dan walked softly to the farther

side as the hen stood on one end of the log in order to take our eyes off the chicks under the log's other end. But Dan just stood still and clucked reassuringly until one chick after another mounted the log and waddled gravely across to the hen. Then, with the family reunited, Dan clicked his color camera and bowed his deepest thanks to mother ptarmigan and her fuzzy speckled chicks, Unafraid, they all stood still, eager to aid publicity's cause.

All this time we had been hearing an occasional

crack, then the splash of a fragment of glacier falling into the lake. Floe Lake is in effect a kind of bathtub for disaffected icebergs. Again one is surprised at the blue tint of the ice itself. A few of our party made the tour around Floe Lake's shores. passing over the glacier on the farther side. The rest of us kept our eves on the masses of wildflowers. A number of lesser streams flow into the lake, cutting their way down the flowery slope. At a number of places the stones of the watercourse are coated with ten-inch-thick cushions of velvety moss, shading off from brilliant green to shining brown. Dan took a number of promising shots of these waters seething between their



Steve says "Washing up is the worst of it."

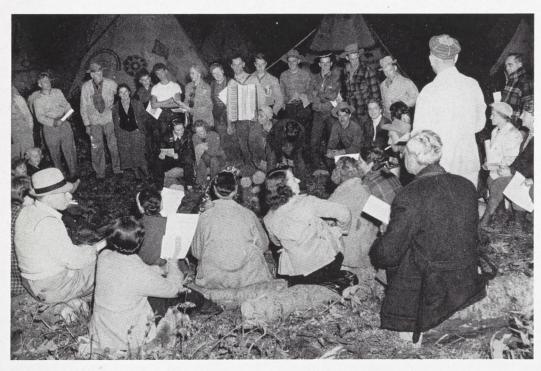
flowery and mossy margins.

We started back up the alpine meadow and met a third ptarmigan family even friendlier than the others. Once at the top of the plateau near Foster Peak, our way back to camp was steadily downhill while our appetites for the Saturday night supper steadily mounted, which was just what Bert Hall had foreseen—bless his large heart and his capable hands!

Came the Sabbath dawn, which ushered in



No question here about appetites.



Sing Song in Camp — The end of a Perfect Day

C.P.R. Photos.

our spell of bad weather. We didn't know it then, but we were destined to forego some remaining hikes on our schedule. It rained, heavily or lightly, most of Sunday and part of Monday morning. And this Ordeal by Water was to prove somehow the most heartening aspect of the trip. It showed how much in the way of inner resources our threescore hikers possessed. It rained. So what? The outdoor log fire kept going just the same, and attracted friendly groups who enjoyed the light rain and the light chatter or serious talk of the moment. Nobody was depressed or grouchy at any time. Some gathered in the Presidential tent and some in tepees where fires were kindled. A score of girls held a three-hour morning rehearsal in a tepee, led by Allan Crawford with his squeeze-box, learning virtually the entire Trail Hikers' Song-Sheet repertory, besides many another song. Crawford, as Official Musician of the Order, seemed to be everywhere at once. He had discarded the portable organ in favor of the accordion, so that the former seems headed for its secure place in a prospective Trail Hike Museum. Music may lack power to charm the rain away, but Allan made the rain seem more of a lark than a trial.

Our evening campfire singsongs usually started with three new songs: "The King Is Still In London", "Let's Get Together" (by Geoffrey O'Hara of "K-K-Katy" fame), and Irving Berlin's "God Bless America"—all sung from the sheetmusic versions recently issued by the Toronto publisher Gordon Thompson. Then followed the solid section of the Trail Hiker's own songs, in versions largely made by our secretary-treasurer, whose Song-Sheet, has long been a kind of Golden Treasury for the group. Thereafter came the impromptu section—tall tales, true narratives, personal experiences, songs, recitations and the like—sometimes offered with misgiving despite the encouragement of Mrs. Dean Robinson, a talent scout who in one case got a good deal more than she bargained for. The continuing surprise was the superior quality of entertainment. What is there about us Trail Hikers that makes us so versatile, so brilliant, so amusing? Memorable in this series of "command" performances were talks by Dan McCowan, Norman Sanson and Sidney Hollander; and Rev. Ruth Conant delivered a singularly moving parable which deserves separate publication—perhaps under the title, "Parable for Hikers".

Monday dawned—clear for the moment, but dubious as to prospect. It rained intermittently, but duffle was packed and camp broken in good time and in good order. One ambitious party of eight led by members of the Alpine Club of Canada set out for a longer hike by way of Tumbling Creek to join the Banff-Windermere Highway at Marble Canyon. After a light lunch

the rest of us set out on the eight-mile trek back to our waiting buses on the Banff-Windermere Now the going was far more slippery even on the level, the ground being still wet from 36 hours of rain. Some of us had one surprise, within three miles of our trail's end: Carl Rungius declared that the rains had swollen Numa Creek and carried away our last log bridge. The truth was that in our haste we had inadvertently passed the blaze indicating the new trail to the bridge in question. Nothing daunted, we decided to ford the creek, most of us crossing barefoot, carrying shoes and socks at our belts. The swift current made the job ticklish for the crosser. Once safely across, one could be amused at the flounderings of the new arrivals. Here was a place of comic relief amply recorded in stills and movies, in colour and black-and-white-in all but sound, which would be most amusing of all. One of the first to cross was our secretary-treasurer, who, feeling responsible for the collective safety of his flock, stood in midstream offering his alpenstock to all who felt insecure in the current. Such was his concern that he seemed ready to become another Æneas and bear on his back any wobbly Anchises. But we hikers, old or young, are valiant and versatile, and sure-footed too, so we got over without mishap.

Another party under the veteran Norman Sanson went still further astray. They too had some fording to do, but a hospitable tourist picked them up on the road and brought them to the Pow Wow just in time for supper.

The buses awaiting us on the highway took us back to Castle Mountain where Harry Pollard had a splendid dinner for us. Then we gathered in the great living-room for the Pow-Wow and election of officers. Sydney R. Vallance of Calgary was chosen president to succeed Marshall H. Diverty of Woodbury, N. J., Sidney Hollander of Baltimore becoming the new vice-president. New places on the executive committee were given to Rev. Ruth Conant of Hartford, Conn., Miss Jane Diverty of Woodbury, N. J., and Col. Phil A. Moore of Banff. Newly elected to the council were Miss Marcella Moodie of Kelowna, B. C., L. W. Shulman of Calgary, Alta., J. C. Mulvey of Tacoma, Wash., Miss Betty Redmond of Winnipeg, Miss Shirley Rourke of Calgary, and Miss Gladys Sanger of New York City.

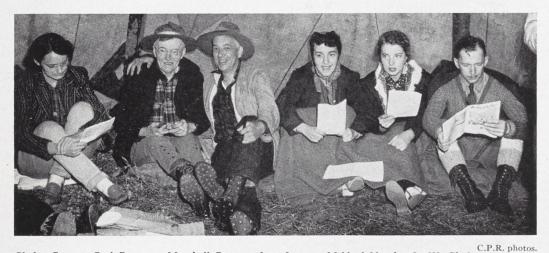
The guest of honor at the Pow-Wow was Walter D. Wilcox of Washington, D. C., whom illness prevented from joining the hike. His book "The Rockies of Canada" is still a classic of prose style, photography and scientific accuracy. Introduced by his friend Col. Moore, Mr. Wilcox spoke of the pioneer explorers of the Banff-Lake Louise area, mentioning all too briefly his own work in that region since his first visit fifty years ago.



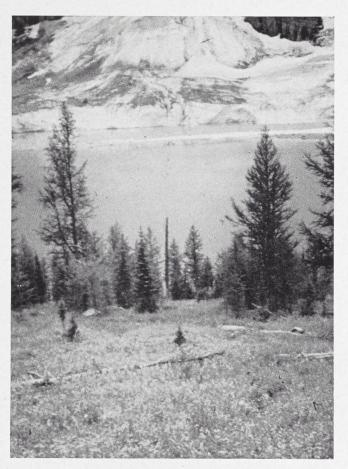
Rema Ross, J. M. Gibbon, Grace Goodman, David Baron, Louise Helliwell, Mrs. Dean Robinson.



Left to Right: (Back) — Mrs. Dean Robinson (Second row) Louise Helliwell, Betty Redmond, Muriel Kingston, Mrs. George Weir, Marcella Moodie, Grace Goodman, Vera Holliday, Betty Garbutt, Mrs. A. O. Wheeler. (Front row) — Jane Diverty, Rema Ross, Mildred Venske, Inez Larson, Grace Kenyon, Gladys Sanger.



Gladys Sanger, Carl Rungius, Marshall Diverty, Inez Larson, Mildred Venske, L. W. Shulman.



Flowery Meadow at Floe Lake

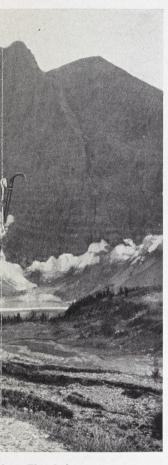


On the ledge ab

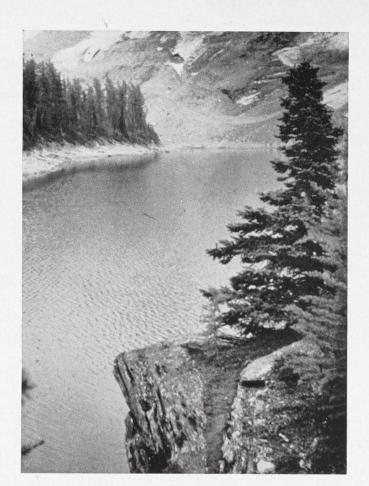


Glacier on Floe Lake

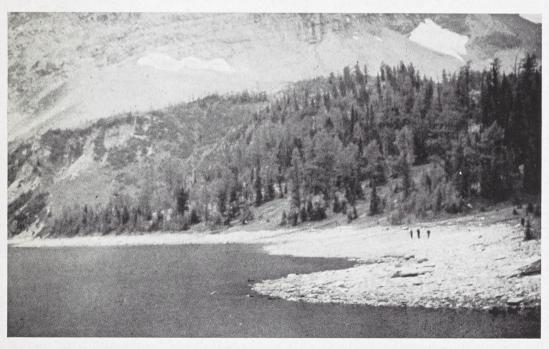
FLOE LAKE - THE PEAR



bove Floe Lake



Where banks are steep



East Shore of Floe Lake

Photos by Dan McCowan and Fred Laidlaw.



On the Summit of the plateau between Numa Creek and Floe Lake

C.P.R. photo.

Message from a Veteran

Read at the Sky Line Trail Hikers at the Annual Pow Wow

Banff, Canada. August 4th, 1941.

Dear Mr. Gibbon.

Will you kindly convey my greetings and hearty good wishes to the members of the Sky Line Trail Hikers present. I sincerely regret that I could not attend, but old age has many limitations, and I envy my good lady who, with juvenile proclivities, can wander amidst these mountain wonders and enjoy the charming good-fellowship of the camp fire, the excellent food and the dreamless sleep of satisfied exhilaration; not that I have any intention of dying at the moment, for I feel I have discovered a formula for long life, viz: to set a date for dying and then live up to it. Personally, I have set one hundred and one. My dear wife says with feeling, "O Lord!"

I particularly regret being unable to attend this camp at Floe Lake, for it is an outstanding wonder-spot of the Main Range and contains exceeding joy for artists, photographers, botanists and other scientific enthusiasts, and certainly for all mountain lovers. Much may be learned there of the marvels of creation and their scenic splendours.

I once took a man to the summit of a high peak to show him the glories of the scenic panoramas extending in every direction as far as the eye could reach. He gazed silently for a couple of minutes then, and turning to me, said: "Why! There's nothing here but scenery." The opposite to this was expressed by a land surveyor in his fieldnotes, who wrote: "Land good for nothing except a fine view from the top of the hill".

Still more clearly is this feeling of the Almighty Power of Creation expressed in an entry I once saw in the minute-book of the dear old Glacier House at the summit of the Selkirks. It read: "Young man or young woman, should you ascend to the summit of Mt. Sir Donald and gaze abroad at the wonders of creation that lie all around, and still think that you are It and that men and things should bow down to You, all I can say is, when you descend, go see a clergyman, for your case is hopeless and I know of no other remedy."

Wishing you all God-speed and with the hope that Victory of Right over wrong may, before very long, free our thoughts from the horrors of the present war that encircle so many of our dearest relatives and friends, and thus permit us to enjoy the glories of the mountain wilderness to the fullest extent.

Yours faithfully, Arthur O. Wheeler Hon. Vice-President, S.L.T.H.

Page Twelve



Above timber line — A welcome rest

C.P.R. photo.

Register, Prolific Meadows, Kootenay Park

| Vernon, B.C. |
|---------------------------------------|
| Montreal, Que. |
| Saint Louis, Mo. |
| San Francisco, Cal. |
| Winnipeg, Manitoba |
| Hartford, Conn. |
| Calgary, Alberta |
| Vancouver, B.C. |
| Woodbury, N. I. |
| Woodbury, N.J. Lethbridge, Alberta |
| Lethbridge, Alberta |
| Calgary Alberta |
| Montreal, Que. |
| Regina, Sask. |
| Banff, Alberta |
| . Winnipeg, Manitoba |
| Golden, B.C. |
| Banff, Alberta |
| Winnipeg, Man. |
| Baltimore, Md. |
| Baltimore, Md. |
| Nelson, B.C. |
| Calgary, Alberta |
| Montreal, Que. |
| Cedar Rapids, Iowa |
| Vancouver, B.C. |
| |

| Kingston, Miss Muriel, I | Langley Prairie, B.C. |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Laidlaw, Fred | Winnipeg, Man. |
| Larson, Miss Inez E | . Minneapolis, Minn. |
| Lauer, Miss Edith | Baltimore, Md. |
| Martin, G | Calgary, Alberta |
| McCowan, Dan | |
| McCowan, Mrs. Dan | Banff, Alberta |
| McFarlane, Miss Margaret | Saskatoon, Sask. |
| Moodie, Miss Marcella | Kelowna, B.C. |
| Mulvey, J. C | Tacoma, Wash. |
| Rawlings, Miss Pat | Seebe, Alberta |
| Redmond, Miss Betty | Winnipeg, Man. |
| Robinson, Mrs. Dean | Banff, Alberta |
| Ross, Miss Rema | Regina, Sask. |
| Rourke, Miss Shirley | Calgary, Alberta |
| Rungius, Carl | Banff, Alberta |
| Sanger, Miss Gladys | New York, N.Y. |
| Sanson, Norman | Banff, Alberta |
| Shulman, L. W | Calgary, Alberta |
| Standard, Paul | New York, N.Y. |
| Vallance, Sydney R | Calgary, Alberta |
| Vallance, Mrs. S. R | Calgary, Alberta |
| Vallance, Peter | Calgary, Alberta |
| Walker, Major Selby | Calgary, Alberta |
| Venske, Miss Mildred | |
| Wade, Miss Eva | . Edmonton, Alberta |
| Weir, Mrs. George | |
| Wheeler, Mrs. A. O | Banff, Alberta |
| Wilcox, Walter D | Washington, D.C. |
| Zillmer, Dr. Helen | Milwaukee, Wis. |

Page Thirteen



Betty Redmond and Louise Helliwell



J. C. Mulvey



Marshall and Jane Diverty



Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Hollander



Norman Sanson



L. W. Shulman

Page Fourteen



Dr. Helen Zillmer



Rev. Ruth Conant



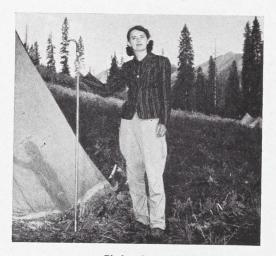
Inez Larson and Mildred Venske



Edith Lauer



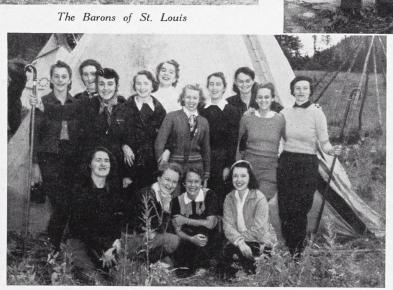
Marcella Moodie



Gladys Sanger







(Left)

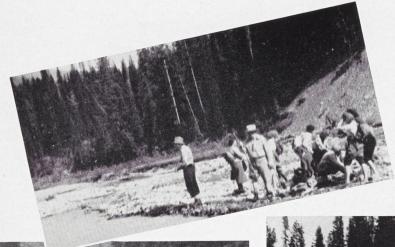
The Beauty Parade

Grace Goodman Shirley Rourke Inez Larson Muriel Kingston Mildred Venske, Betty Garbutt Margaret

McFarlane
Gladys Sanger
Annie M. Fallis
Marcella Moodie
Grace Kenyon
Rema Ross
Vera Holliday
Helen Hrubesh

(Errors and Omissions Excepted.)

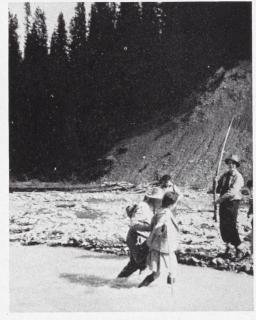
C.P.R. Photos.



(Left) Getting ready for the Crossing

(Below) Easy enough with short skirts





 $\begin{array}{cc} (Above) & The \\ Gallery & \end{array}$

(Right) Once it was called Hell-roaring Creek



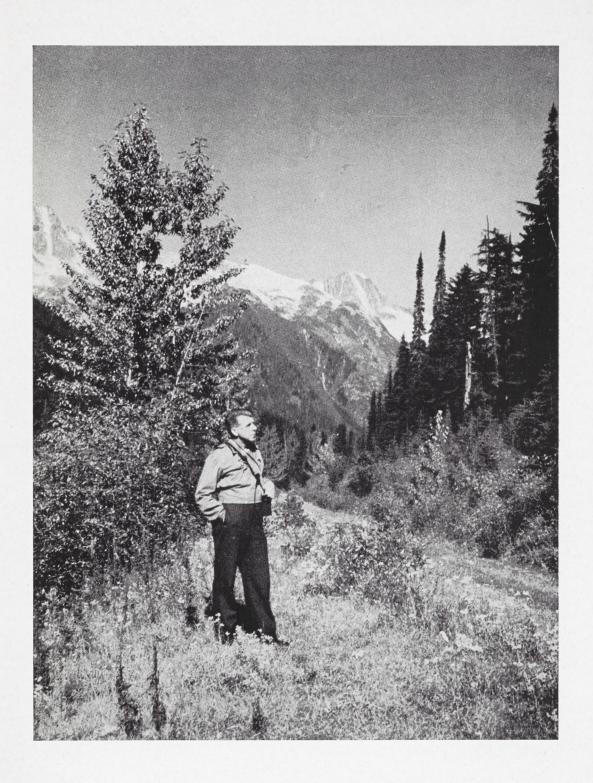
Photos by Marshall Diverty.

THE FORDING OF NUMA CREEK

A Record Family of Sky Line Trail Hikers

The following is a partial record of Trail Hikes made by S. R. Vallance and family subsequent to the date in the Constitution

| | | | .R.V. | | Irs V. | | | Peter | |
|---|--|-----|---|--|-------------------------|-----|--------------------|--|--|
| | | T | imes | Т | Times | | Times | | imes |
| Edith Pass, 8 miles. Lake O'Hara, 16 miles. O'Hara to McArthur, 5 miles. Minnewanka to Johnson's Lake, 10 miles. Stewart Canyon and Cascade River, 10 m North shore Lake Minnewanka, 8 miles. Aylmer Pass, 16 miles. Shadow Lake, 20 miles. Twin Lakes, 10 miles. Taylor Lake, 16 miles. Boom Lake (far end), 7 miles. Kaufman Lake, 20 miles. Consolation Lake (far end), 4 miles. Moraine Lake to O'Hara, 8 miles. O'Hara to Louise, 15 miles. Louise to Moraine, 9 miles. Paradise Valley, 14 miles. Sentinel Pass, 12 miles. Banff to Assiniboine, 35 miles, each way Edith Cavell to Eremite Valley, 24 miles. Takakkaw to Kiwetinok Pass, 24 miles. Yoho Valley Highline, 14 miles. Ice River Valley, 12 miles. East End Minnewanka, 20 miles. Round Emerald Lake, 3 miles. Haffner Creek, 12 miles. Floe Lake, 14 miles. Spray River, 6 miles. Bragg Creek to Banff, 90 miles. Johnson's Creek, 6 miles. Marvell Pass and Aurora Creek Wonder Pass and Cerulean Lake Athabasca Glacier to Sask. Glacier Jasper Highway to Glacier Lake Minnewanka to Aylmer Pass | illes. 1 3 2 3 3 1 3 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 3 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 | T | R.V. imes 40 96 25 20 10 24 32 60 20 16 21 20 12 8 15 9 56 12 140 24 24 24 24 10 18 32 | | | - | | | 8 64 10 20 20 24 32 20 20 14 |
| Athabasca Glacier to Sask. Glacier Jasper Highway to Glacier Lake | 1 | | 10 18 | 1 | 10 18 | 1 | 18 | <u>-</u> 1 | |
| Banff-Spray River, East End, Minnewand Devil's Head and return. Lake Louise to Skoki and return. Banff to Canmore. Highway to Edith Pass. Redearth Creek to Egypt Lake and return. Egypt Lake to Redearth Pass and return. Egypt Lake to Talc Mine. Egypt Lake to Mummy and return. Numa Creek to Prolific. Prolific Meadow to Floe Lake and return. Prolific M. to Highway (via Tumbling Creek To Prolific Meadow to Highway) | ka to | | 24 24 — 20 — 6 7 8 12 | - 1 - 1 - 1 1 - - 1 | 24 20 6 7 7 | 1 1 | 20 15 6 — | - 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 | 15 8 20 8 6 7 8 6 7 |
| 1 | OTAL. | 10. | т | 0 | | 0 | | | 100 |



Our new President - Sydney R. Vallance

line [|rail

Hon, President SIR EDWARD BEATTY, G.B.E.

President SYDNEY R. VALLANCE (Calgary, Alta.) Vice-Presidents

Hon. Vice-President A. O. WHEELER, A.C., F.R.G.S.

SIDNEY HOLLANDER (Baltimore, Maryland) Mrs. Mary E. McCowan, (Banff)

Secretary-Treasurer J. M. Gibbon, Room 318, Windsor Station, Montreal, Canada LT.-Col. P. A. Moore, (Banff) Mrs. A. O. Wheeler, (Sidney, B.C.) Western Secretary

DAN McCowan Banff, Alberta

TRAVER'S COLEMAN (Vancouver, B.C.) REV. RUTH S. CONANT (Hartford, Conn.) JANE DIVERTY (Woodbury, N.J.)

MISS GRACE JEAN CORNELL (Vancouver) L. S. CROSBY (Banff) MISS MARJORIE FRYCKBERG (St. Paul) DR. ROBERT GOW (Banff) MRS. A. C. HAMILTON (Golden) E. P. HOLMES (Calgary)

MISS ELISABETH BOOZ (Washington, Pa.)
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